

# Dick Of Death (live 1995)

## Pansy Division

When I met him he was nice enough  
For a shot man trying to act real tough in a bar  
That kind of attitude won't get you very far  
His shirt was open and I saw his chest  
A salt-and-pepper, soft and furry mess  
You know how that turns me on  
Then he took my hand  
And ran it over the outline in his pants  
He had the dick of death  
And so I closed my eyes  
And tried to fantasize about this dick of death  
We grabbed a cab and went away to my place where we  
Dropped our clothes so fast you'd think we were racing  
I couldn't wait to see it for myself  
There it was, staring up at me  
Long and perfect, boy, was I ever lucky (yeah)  
He kissed me and we fell down on the bed  
Then he took my hand  
And let me guide him into my promised land  
He had the dick of death  
I looked into his eyes  
And let him sodomize me with his dick of death  
I'd never seen one  
Quite this big before  
When he's soft he's nearly  
Hung down to the floor  
I don't know if I love him  
But I love is dick of death

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